

OF GRACIOUS LADY WARMLY RECALLED

Mrs. Eaton's Loyalty and generosity Receive Sincere Tribute

LOVED GARDEN, BOOKS

When spring comes again to "Raymar" the burgeoning trees will miss that gracious silver-haired friend who knew and loved each one of them and for whom the garden was ever "a lovesome thing." Mrs. Timothy Eaton, in her full gracious years as daughter, wife, mother and grandmother—yes, and great-grandmother—found it in her heart to share the warmth of her personality with many friends, with those in her family circle, with those who served her, and with the flowers and trees which have always brought so much of joy into her life—whether a potted geranium on her window-sill or the rare and beautiful plants in her Oakville garden.

Her deep love of flowers was beau-

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It Is Peaceful.

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Her age was 91 years, and almost to the end of her long life she had possessed a remarkable vitality, retaining her interest in passing events, books and reading.

The funeral will be held from the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church on Tuesday at 3 o'clock, the service being conducted by Rev. Dr. Trevor Davies, assisted by Rev. Canon Woodcock of Christ Church, Deer Park.

The pallbearers will be: John David Eaton, Timothy Eaton, Harry Burden, Eaton Burden, Noel Eaton, grandsons; and Colonel William Bishop, V.C.; Harry Coulson and George Leishman.

The entire Eaton establishment in Toronto will be closed all day Tuesday.

Mrs. Eaton, whose maiden name was Margaret Wilson Beattie, was born in Toronto, her father, Joseph Beattie, having kept a general store at Church and Adelaide Streets. Her father later moved to Woodstock, where Mrs. Eaton received her education, giving much time to the study of music.

Was Married in 1862.

While visiting in St. Marys, Miss Beattie met Mr. Eaton, and they were married within a year. The marriage took place in 1862. Mrs. Eaton's prime interest was in home-making, and her skill was demonstrated in the winning of many prizes at the fall fairs. During the seven years they resided in the Western Ontario town Mrs. Eaton was actively interested in the business of her husband, who, setting high value on her judgment, consulted her in every important move. It was through her influence that Timothy Eaton finally decided to come to Toronto in 1869, and establish the business which was to develop so mightily.

After the business became an incorporated company in 1891, she served as a director for some years, and retired only when Harry McGee, now Vice-President, was named to the board on her recommendation. She was keenly interested in the details of the store, and many of the employees found in Mrs. Eaton a sympathetic friend.

Gave Yearly Entertainment.

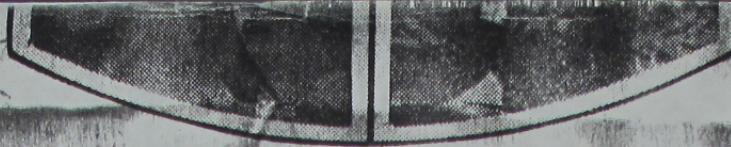
When the staff included hundreds of employees, she provided an annual entertainment. It was her enthusiasm which was responsible for the institution of shorter hours, and which encouraged her husband to pioneer the policy of early closing in the

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Mrs. Timothy Eaton, widow of the late Timothy Eaton, who founded the great department store which bears his name, died at her Oakville home, "Raymar," Saturday evening, in her ninety-second year. Members of her immediate family were present. At upper

left is shown her residence, "Raymar," and at right the most recent photograph of Mrs. Eaton. A lower left are pictures of Timothy Eaton and Mrs. Eaton taken about the time they came to Toronto in 1869 to enter the retail store business.—Photo of Mrs. Eaton, at right, by Ashley & Crippen.



Death Comes First After 91st Birthday to Dowager of Vast Retail Enterprise—Renowned for Her Welfare Activities—Funeral on Tuesday.

Mrs. Timothy Eaton, widow of the founder of the vast commercial interests which bear his name, died Saturday night following a brief illness at her Oakville residence, "Bayman's."

Death came quietly to the white-haired dowager of the Eaton enterprises. On March 8 she had celebrated her 91st birthday. Last Wednesday she contracted pneumonia.

Friday her condition became grave and Sunday she sank rapidly while the greatest medical skill sought to aid life retain its weakening grasp.

She died with members of her family around her. With her passing, the last link with the early days, which saw Timothy Eaton's modest yet revolutionary store grow into the greatest chain of departmental retail establishments also passed. And until the very last she had continued to take a close interest in the "store".

Advancing years had not been so great a factor as human inability to know every employee, to visit with each of them, to have them visit her. Her gracious manner, her possession of all the womanly graces of half a century ago, had contributed to the success which attended her husband's business ventures. Her counsel had been conceived in wisdom and feminine intuition which reflected in rare degree its value to her hard-working, far-seeing husband when he cast his fortune in a store.

And outside the interest which she held for the growing store, she had been a mother to eight children, had taken an active part in the artistic life of her country, and had still found time to perform acts of welfare, mostly unheralded, which will leave her influence upon Toronto felt for many years.

The funeral service will be held at Timothy Eaton Memorial Church, St. Clair Avenue west, on Tuesday at 3 p.m. Interment will be made at Mount Pleasant Cemetery. The T. Eaton Company stores will be closed all day Tuesday.

Was Able Housewife.

Mrs. Eaton, whose maiden name was Margaret Wilson Beattie, was born in Toronto on March 8, 1842. Her parents, Joseph Beattie, a general merchant, and Elizabeth (Mrs.) Beattie, lived near the corner of Church and Adelaide Streets, but soon after this date moved to Woodstock. There Margaret Beattie was educated, and grew to womanhood. As a school girl she revealed qualities of capability, originality and energy, and so developed a personality of charm and distinction. Whatever she undertook she did well. She pursued the study of music with diligence, she had rare taste in dress, she rode superbly, and her housewifely ability received recognition in prizes won at the Fall Fairs for breadmaking and fancy-work.

In 1861, while visiting a friend at St. Marys, she met a young Irish merchant, Timothy Eaton, and within a twelve-month, they were married. For seven years they lived and worked in the pretty Western Ontario town and here her two elder children were born. Although Mrs. Eaton's prime interest was in homemaking arts, she was the active helpmeet of her husband in every way. Mr. Eaton

consulted her on every important move in the business and set a high value upon her judgment. It was her approval that decided him to come to Toronto in 1863 and establish the business that has grown to such mighty proportions. It was her enthusiasm for shorter hours that encouraged him to pioneer the policy of early closing in the days when stores generally remained open until late every evening.

Knew Employees.

Her knowledge of the staff was wonderfully complete, every employee in the early days was her friend, and many of them were frequent guests at her table. Even when the staff was numbered by hundreds she provided an annual entertainment for all, in association with her husband, and if sickness came to any, her personal interest and help were assured. Mrs. Timothy Eaton was the first "Welfare Department" of the institution, and the employees recognized her sympathy and kindness as genuine. After the business became an incorporated company in 1891, she served as a director for some years, and retired only when Harry McGee, now vice-president, was named to the board on her recommendation.

Mrs. Eaton's cheerfulness never failed; her deportment was complete, her taste in art was as sound as in home decoration, she was an accomplished reader, with the gift of mimicry and the grace of humor. She formed from among her intimate friends a dramatic club which met weekly at her home and this happy organization eventually developed into the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression in 1905. In the work of the earlier sessions, Mrs. Eaton took an active part. Frequently in these years she laughingly confessed to have cherished in girlhood secret longings to be an actress. Perhaps because of this ambition her mind was a rich storehouse of the best poetry, and she had the gift of apt and humorous quotation which made her a gracious conversationalist and a stimulating companion.

Patron of the Arts.

Mrs. Eaton was always a lover of art and a generous patron of the artists. Recently she made a notable contribution to the Art Gallery of Toronto in the form of a sculpture in marble by the famous Serbian sculptor, Ivan Meastrovic, entitled "Mother at Prayer."

Hospitality was her ruling passion. She had carved over the door of her Oakville residence Van Dyke's lines: "The bethel low enough to keep out pomp and pride, The threshold high enough to turn back envy, The door-bars strong enough to repel robbers to defend, The door will open at a touch to every friend."

At the age of 78, 13 years ago, she joyously accompanied her son, the late Sir John Eaton, in an airplane flight over the Muskoka lakes. The pilot on this trip was her granddaughter's husband, Col. William Bishop, V.C., the renowned war ace. "Mother," said Sir John after the landing, "I never was so proud of you as at this moment—seventy-eight and a good sport."

Eagerly entering into all Sir John's philanthropic, charitable and patriotic activities, co-operating with him in the building of the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church, and the Surgical Wing of the General Hospital, intelligent, resolute, merry and perpetually young, she commanded the affection of all. Her donations to churches, hospitals, and many charitable institutions have earned for her the gratitude of thousands. She was a notable mother and a woman of high distinction.

Mrs. Eaton's children were Edward Young, deceased; Josephine (Mrs. Burnsides), Margaret (Mrs. C. E. Burden), both of Toronto; two sons who died in infancy; George, who was drowned in boyhood; Col. William Fletcher Eaton, of Oakville, and the late Sir John Craig Eaton, whose career as president of the T. Eaton Company was so striking. She had 16 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren, and is survived by a sister, Mrs. C. P. Bishop, and a brother, Mr. George Beattie.

Mrs. Timothy E. Pneumonia Follows Attack of Illness; Funeral on Tuesday

MAR 20 1933
Entire Eaton Establishment in Toronto to Close for That Day — Members of Immediate Family Present When Death Comes — Mrs. Eaton in Her Ninety-second Year

NATIVE OF TORONTO; LOVER OF FLOWERS

Mrs. Timothy Eaton, wife of the founder of the T. Eaton Company, Limited, who passed away in 1907, died at her country home, "Raymar," Oakville, at 9.30 Saturday evening. An illness which became serious last Wednesday developed into pneumonia, which caused her death.

End Is Peaceful.

Surrounded by all members of her immediate family, Mrs. Eaton's passing was peaceful.

Her age was 91 years, and almost to the end of her long life she had possessed a remarkable vitality, retaining her interest in passing events, books and reading.

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Was Married in 1862.

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After the business became an incorporated company in 1881, she served as a director for some years, and retired only when Harry McGee, now Vice-President, was named to the board on her recommendation. She was keenly interested in the details of the store, and many of the employees found in Mrs. Eaton a sympathetic friend.

Gave Yearly Entertainment.

When the staff included hundreds of employees, she provided an annual entertainment. It was her enthusiasm which was responsible for the institution of shorter hours, and which encouraged her husband to pioneer the policy of early closing in the days when stores generally remained open until late every evening.

Mrs. Eaton was a lover of books and a great reader, her mind a storehouse of many choice bits of poetry. She was deeply interested in the drama, and formed among her intimate friends a dramatic club which met weekly in her own home. This organization was the beginning of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression established in 1905. She was also a devotee of art and ever a generous patron of artists. Recently she made a notable contribution to the Toronto Art Gallery in the form of a statue in marble of the famous Serbian sculptor, Ivan Mestrovic, entitled, "Mother at Prayer."

Was Always Hospitable.

Hospitality was the keynote of her home, and Mrs. Eaton had inscribed over the doorway of the Oakville home the words written by Henry Van Dyke:

"The lintel low enough to keep out pompe and pride,
The threshold high enough to turn deceit aside,
The door-bands strong enough from robbers to defend,
The door will open at a touch to every friend."

"And if I may say that I have waited to explain it in this way for a long time, I am without expense news. And the above is the truth. I will appreciate it greatly if this matter is cleared up at once with no undue publicity for me and the Commission. I want to forget it all, and all the past, and plan for a new and better future. My lot here is hard enough and further publicity will make it harder, not in regard to the personal, but among the inmates. I will greatly appreciate it if the matter is dropped and no more time given to it."

Thanking you for your earnest consideration of the letter, I am, sincerely,

(Signed) "William Toohey."

Resignations Requested.

It was revealed last night that a majority of the board had instructed the Chief Constable to ask for the resignation of Inspector of Detectives Murray on the ground that he had been "inefficient and indifferent" in handling the projected hold-up of the bank; that Detective-Sergeant Thompson's retirement was sought because he was "incompetent" and Sergeant of Detectives Williams was being asked to resign because he was deemed to be an "unsatisfactory witness." It was stated that the charges of a police frame-up had been practically abandoned by the board.

The allegation of inefficiency and indifference is said to have been made after it had been established that Toohey had gone to Inspector Murray's house to inform him that his

living are two daughters, Josephine (Mrs. Burnside) and Margaret (Mrs. J. E. Burden), both of Toronto, and one son, Colonel William Fletcher Eaton, of Oakville, and sixteen grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren. She is also survived by one sister, Mrs. C. P. Bishop, and one brother, George Beattie.

High overhead was the large stained glass window depicting the figure of the Saviour, illuminated even on this gray March day by the light of the heart.

There was the casket, covered with an intricate blanket of flowers, above the pulpit, higher again, the purple-gowned choir, and highest of all, the great stained-glass window, representing the figure of "the Christ, Great and Humble Gather."

Goldwin Smith has made reference to the "dignity and elegance" of the day, and surely the excellence of the late Mrs. Eaton that day, passing evoked tribute of respect from the great and the humble alike. Among those who attended this service were the representative of his Majesty in the Province, Sir H. P. G. Bruce, Lieutenant-Governor, the Chief Justice of Ontario, Sir William Mulock, Premier George S. Henry, Hon. Dr. H. J. Cody, President of the University of Toronto, and other leading figures in the religious, educational, professional, and governmental life of the Province.

The service was conducted by Rev. Dr. Trevor Davies, pastor of the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church, assisted by Rev. Canon H. D. F. Woodcock, rector of Christ Church, Deer Park.

To the sorrowing relatives and friends, Dr. Davies read passages of the Scripture, immemorial springs of comfort to Christians afflicted in death. In his eulogy of the departed, he said that the dominant note of the service should be one of gratitude, noting that even those who felt the pain of loss and the sharpest would recognize the gift of a great and beautiful life of 91 years.

Recalls Rare Character.

In his restrained but feeling remarks, Dr. Davies mentioned the late Mrs. Eaton's rare personal charms of character, "never equaled by son or daughter begotten by prosperity." The reminiscences which followed in the public commercial, social, philan-thropic and religious life of the community, he also touched on, remarking

that with all these activities she never forgot the obligations to her home. He referred also to her subsequent interest in art and literature and dramatic expression, her sparinging of money for the benefit of the cultural life of the community, and finally dwelt upon her tranquil retirement in the later years of her life—"years spent quietly," he said, "on the shelves of the other world, but always interested in this one."

Hundreds in Procession.

Along the quiet aisles of the building which had been Mrs. Eaton's home, and her aromatic gift to the community came hundreds in slow procession to pass the casket. Men and women who had served and who are now serving in the greatest organizations came to pay their respects to the wife of the founder of the great Canadian company. The usherers were heads of the various departments of the Toronto stores, and his executives. The richly dressed choir, and the rich blanket of visitors who had drawn gaily over the casket, covering the top. At the same moment the first rich notes of the organ sounded softly through the building. Handels' "Largo" was played as though in their purest form, and in Rev. Dr. Davies' and Rev. Canon Woodcock took their places.

At the close of the prayer offered by Rev. Dr. Davies, the choir chanted the Lord's Prayer, followed by the singing "Ade With Me" from the minster read from the Scriptures, selecting the hopeful words from I. Thessalonians, chapter 4 and verse 13:

"But we would not have you ignorant, brethren; concerning ye sorrow ye fall asleep; for we do not want you to go home." Then without comment he read from I Corinthians, chapter 15, and verses from John 11-21-26, closing with verses from John 14.

"Soul of the Righteous in the Hands of God" was the choir's anthem which followed.

"Even those who feel most keenly the separation will be the first to say that this is a service of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the gift of a great and beautiful life."

Referring to the long and useful life of the late Mrs. Eaton, the speaker said: "Ninety-one years was given to our friend, and almost to the very end she retained her faculties and her interests, which were so many, and which plans wonderfully fulfilled. Her many friends lead us to say today in the inspired words of the writer, 'Surely goodness and mercy have followed her all the days of her life, and she shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.'

"We do not say," Dr. Davies continued, "that she had no shadows in her days. Many sorrowful bereavements were hers, but she was not embittered by them. She was also unfortunate by property. For 15 years she occupied an eminent position in the public life of our city, and she entered also into the social, philanthropic and religious life of Toronto. Her first interest was the home, where she had many responsibilities and obligations, wife and mother. With all this she had time to be interested in other things. In the extraordinary tests when her husband was fashioning one of the greatest institutions of the Dominion, she was a trusted counsellor and adviser. She gave generously and intuitions, which he trusted. She was for many years a director of the company."

Holds Treasured Memories.

Touching upon Mrs. Eaton's interest in art and literature, which she excelled in middle life, Dr. Davies indicated the personal dramatic talents which the founder of the Marconi School had possessed. He spoke of her interest in the newspaper and finally of the years of retirement when the qualities which she had displayed in spiritual affairs had manifested her interest in all that was attractive and had known Mrs. Eaton intimately for the last decade," said Dr. Davies, "and I have not a single memory of her that I desire to forget."

Admiration for her spirituality was expressed. This he named as being "one of her dominant virtues." She was a transparently honest and sincere woman, kind and generous, not only in regard to philanthropies, but in her personal friendships, but in thought, judgment, and tongue, "well," he declared. The speaker chose a phrase of St. Paul to apply to her, "Simplicity that is toward Christ. She gathered up all powers, uniting in her one great loyalty, and with it a child."

Quiet Crossing of the Bar.

Referring to what he termed "the sabatopian years" when Mrs. Eaton entered somewhat into that other life, Dr. Davies showed the relation of these years to the close of her long life, which he said, was a happy release, a quiet crossing of the bar—one of the last in the funeral of Robert Browning in Westminster Abbey. A trumpet was needed to sound a note of triumph, that same note should be sounded for one like Mrs. Eaton, who had kept the faith," was his concluding thought.

Canon H. F. D. Woodcock of Christ Church followed the address with prayer read from the Anglican Service. The audience was asked to remain standing following the singing of the hymn "Jesus, I Love Thee" and the glorious notes of "The Dead March in Saul" rolled through the church.

When the pallbearers took their places at the casket, and the honorary pallbearers led the funeral procession down the church aisle, the organist played the last of the three great hymns which had been chosen for this solemn and beautiful ceremony, "Rock of Ages."

Reads Two Messages.

Preceding his address, Dr. Davies read two messages, the sympathy telegrams and messages had been received from all parts of the Dominion and beyond. Two of these he read from the Toronto Centre Presidency of the United Church of Canada, meeting yesterday in the West-end Presbyterian Church, expressing sympathy for the family of the late Mrs. Timothy Eaton and paying tribute to her loyalty to her church and in all fields leading to happiness of others. The other message read was from Wm. B. Macdonald, Moderator of the United Church of Canada, saying: "We are deeply grieved to learn of the death of Mrs. Timothy Eaton, has been received with great sorrow. Please express the sympathy of the entire United Church of Canada."

Grandsons Are Pallbearers.

Five grandsons, John David Eaton, Timothy Eaton, Nelson Burden Eaton, Colonel H. D. Eaton, Col. William Bishop, V.C., and George Leland, were the pallbearers. The honorary pallbearers were Sir William Mulock, Premier George S. Henry, E. R. Wood, Alfred Rogers, Dr. J. C. Burton, J. E. Jenkin of Kingville, John Northway, R. S. McLaughlin (Oakville), William Ingalls, C. B. McNaught, Dr. William Goldie, C. A. Bogert, Colonel H. D. Eaton, Dr. H. J. Cody, Colonel Harry McGee, Dr. W. V. Wilson, R. Wilson of Winnipeg, T. A. McCrae, D. E. Startup, Charles Bootle, C. N. Miller, George T. Wolfe and J. S. McCaughey.

Others attending the services and at the graveside the following were noticed, P. B. Wall (Montreal), R. D. McCord (Montreal), General Etchford (Buffalo), Brig. Gen. John A. Gunn, Captain George McBrady, F. Brith, J. O. McKey, G. Young, Wesley Musson, C. A. Blunt, H. B. Selkirk, C. H. Boode (Hamilton), U. D. Vaughan, Mr. McQuigg, E. E. Jones, G. C. Stephenson, N. F. Switzer, S. H. Maw, J. D. Birrell, F. Russell, James

W. V. G. Jaaffra, George Leyland, Alex Smith, James Brooks, W. J. Kernal, Robert Clendenning, James Elliott, Gerald Barker, H. White, Murray Allan, W. H. Anderson, Dr. George and Mrs. McDonald, Dr. Carole Bunting, Miss E. M. Church, Mr. and Mrs. Harry McGee, Hon. W. D. Ross, Professor Randolph, Controller George Ramaden, J. E. Atkinson, Miss Edith Macdonald, D. J. Dowsey, Tvor Lewis, William Allen, W. J. Irwin.

The chief mourners were: Colonial W. F. Eaton, George Beattie, C. E. Burden, C. P. Bishop, Colonel R. Y. Eaton, J. J. Eaton, Paul Bishop, W. H. Abbott, Milton Young, William Young. Three of the members of the Eaton family are abroad, Lady Eaton, Mrs. E. Y. Eaton and Allan Burndale.

From the front of the church the funeral procession moved east along the north side of St. Clair West to Russell Hill Road, proceeding north to Young Street East, following this street to Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

Flowers in Profusion.

"Those who were permitted to enter the church before service, gazed with admiration upon the kindly face of the late Mrs. Eaton. Found her resting peacefully, surrounded by lovely blossoms piled in profusion and in beautiful order about her casket. Beads, all in white, were arranged in a white centre, and purple border of the violet, woven with soft greenery, reposed one who had so often made such jewely blossoms the messengers for her own kind thoughts and loving messages."

In front of the casket stood a group of flower-baskets filled with iris, mauve stock, amethyst, tulips and heliotrope, in lavender tones, trailing in casket and basket bases, bouquets, wreaths and skeins of remembrance of the church platform. The kaleidoscope of lovely color formed a beautiful picture, composed by the perfect bouquet, tall basket, that flanked the pulpit stairs, one filled with wax-white eglantine and the other holding hundreds of blooms of Talisman roses.

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The Floral Tributes.

The friends and officials of the many firms and industries associated with the T. Eaton Company from all parts of Canada and beyond, and the many personal friends of the late Mrs. Eaton expressed sympathy and kindly remembrance with flowers and floral tributes. The following tributes were noted:

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Abbott, Mr. F. J. and Mrs. LeRoy Allard, Mr. and Mrs. W. Atkinson, Joseph E. Atkinson, Directors, Adams Bros. Harness Limited, Mrs. W. H. Aitken, Miss Little B. Aitken, The Staff, Standard Oil Company of Canada; Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Bolton, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Bishop, Dr. and Mrs. Allen Bishop, S. S. Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boothie, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bethel, E. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Ben J. Bozart, T. D. M. Burnside, London, Eng.; Mrs. M. Boreham,

Edith and J. K. Cameron, Captain and Mrs. Campbell, Canadian Pacific Express, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Cumson, Directors and Officials of Dominion Bank, Mr. and Mrs. E. Dodds and Family, Mr. and Mrs. G. Dunbar, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Douglas, the Directors, Dominion Rubber Company, Bettison M. Davis, H. N. Davis Co.,

Mrs. A. M. Eastinher and Mrs. D. McKenna, Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Ecclestone, Miss Alice Eaton and Edward

Mrs. F. V. Eaton, Mrs. R. W. Eaton and Mildred, Lady Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Eckardt, E. Fielding & Son, Mrs. H. H. Fudger,

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Grobba, Adair and Goodwin Gibson, General Steel Works Limited, The Globe, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Granger, Officers and Directors, Gutta Percha and Rubber Limited, John and Elizabeth Greer,

The Prime Minister and Mrs. George S. Henry, George H. Hees Son & Co., Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hodgson,

Mr. and Mrs. John Irwin, John Ross Robertson, Jr. Chapter, IODE, Provincial Executive, IODE; Admiral Tyrwhitt Chapter, IODE, National Executive, IODE; Officer Commanding and officers, Irish Regiment; William G. Irwin and Mrs. Z. T. Sweeney, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Jaffray, Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Jones, Eleanor Johnson,

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Keene, Mr. and Mrs. W. Kermohan, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Lewis, E. G. Lloyd, London, Eng., Mr. and Mrs. Hubert D. Loft, the Loft Family,

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. McCrea, Miss Anna McCrea, Miss E. McCrea, Mr. and Mrs. John McCrea, Mr. and Mrs. Harry McGee, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. McNaught, Mrs. Mulligan, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Mulligan, Mercury Mills Ltd., Principal Faculty, Associates and Graduates, Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, Margaret Eaton School Alumnae, Board of Directors, Mail and Empire Directors, Montreal La Presse, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. McCordick, Mr. and Mrs. Allan M. McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Moore, Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Muligan,

Mr. and Mrs. Nasmyth, Mr. and Mrs. H. Pennell, Lily Nixon,

Mrs. Joseph Odery, a P. Portlock, Paul Evans, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Pinfold, Peter and Alice,

Notes of Remembrance, Temple, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Robertson, Reed, Shaw & McNaught, Mr. Hart Reeder, A. F. and Mrs. Butte, Miss Violet M. Riley, Mrs. A. F. Rueter, The Star, "Ravine," Robert Simpson Company, Limited.

The Staff, 182 Yonge Street, 49 Clarendon Avenue, 1875, 494 Avenue Road, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Startup, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Spence, Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Settrever, Mary M. Thrall, Mr. Larry Stone, Directors, David Spence, Limited, Vancouver.

Evening Telegram Trustees, W. M. S. Timothy Eaton Memorial Church, Davison and officials, Timothy Eaton Memorial Church, the Mayor and members of Toronto City Council, Toronto Conservatory of Music, Board of Trustees, Toronto General Hospital, the Comptroller, Toronto Transportation Commission, President and Directors, Toronto Carpet Company, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Tucker.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Vaughan, Mr. and Mrs. S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Wolfe, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Woff, Mr. and Mrs. Ennis Whistany Elizabeth Walker, London, Eng., Rose Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rogers Wood, T. Eaton Co. Limited.

President and Directors, The T. Eaton Co., Limited; European Buying Office, Eaton Girls Club and Young Men's Club, Receiving Room Staff, General Office Staff, Management and Staff, Saskatchewan, Eaton Groceries, Elkhorn Branch, Stewes, Cape Breton, Eaton Boys' Camp, Duke Softball and Athletic Club, Management, Halifax

Stores, Eaton's Groceries, Cornwall; House Furnishings Committee, The Staff, Toronto Stores, Mail Order Staff, D. A. Office, Quartier Century Club, Winnipeg, Management and Staff, T. Eaton Co. Limited, Alberta, Miss, Hamilton Store, Timothy Eaton Quarter Century Club, Canadian Department Stores, Ottawa, Inspector's Department, Toronto, Montreal Store, Montreal Buying Office, T. Eaton Co. Maritime, Limited (Moncton), Heads of Departments (Toronto Stores), Winnipeg Stores, Eaton Building Co. Limited, Hamilton, Canadian Department Stores, Limited, Immediate, Mourning.

The members of the late Mrs. Eaton's family, grandchildren and relatives and survivors are as follows:

Immediate family—Mrs. J. S. Burden, daughter, Mrs. C. E. Burden, daughter, Colonel W. P. Eaton son, Mrs. C. P. Bishop, sister, and George Beattie, brother,

Grandchildren—Mr. H. J. Burden, Mr. Eaton Burden, Mrs. W. Earl Smith, Mrs. W. A. Bishop, Mrs. George E. Lehman, Miss Ruth Eaton, Miss Margaret Eaton, Mrs. Noel Eaton, Mr. Timothy Eaton, Mr. John David Eaton, Mr. Edgar Allan Eaton, Mr. Gilbert McCrea Eaton, Miss Florence Mary Eaton, Miss Evelyn Beatrice Eaton, Mrs. Alice Eaton and Mrs. H. S. Coulson.

Relatives—Mr. R. T. Eaton, Mr. J. J.

Eaton, Mr. Paul Bishop, Mr. William Young, Mr. Milton Young, Mrs. Mackie, Dr. C. E. Burden, Mr. W. Earl Smith, Colonel W. A. Bishop, Mr. C. E. Lehman, Miss H. S. Coulson, Mr. F. W. Bishop, Mrs. George Beattie and Mr. W. B. Abbott.

Lady Eaton, Mrs. E. Y. Eaton and Alan Burnside are abroad at the moment.

MRS. TIMOTHY EATON PASSES AT OAKVILLE

Was Beloved as "Mother" to
All Executives of Big
Store

IN HER 92ND YEAR

Worked With Founder in
Building Up Great Business
for 45 Years

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Mrs. Timothy Eaton, whose late husband founded the Canada-wide T. Eaton Company Limited, died peacefully at "Raymore," her Oakville home, on Saturday at half-past nine o'clock.

Her passing casts a pall of sorrow over the entire chain of department stores, for Mrs. Eaton had become known affectionately as "mother" among all the directors and executives of the firm. She called them all by their first names.

Through her kindly interest in the affairs of the company, Mrs. Eaton was well known even among the younger employees, who joined in the congratulations which went to her only a week ago as she celebrated her 91st birthday.

On Wednesday night she was stricken with pneumonia, and oxygen tanks were rushed to her home. On Thursday she took a turn for the better, but early Friday morning her immediate family, as well as executives of the company, were called to her bedside, as her condition became very grave.

Mrs. Timothy Eaton was one of Canada's most conspicuous proofs that home and marriage should be among the last things to flee from civilization. She lived for nearly half a century with one of the most difficult, dynamic and lovable men that ever came to the top in any country. She was Timothy Eaton's one greatest help in making a prodigious business a monument to the fact that he was America's chief merchant example of self-making manhood.

She received a family of six from comparative poverty to affluence. She became the grandmother of many. She created a circle of intensive and enduring friendships lasting on into an age when friendship is of all things easiest to destroy by interested motives. She was always a consistent believer in the church. The destructive influence of wealth never uprooted in her the value of her own personality; nor was she ever a social climber, desiring any but her just place among that society calls the elite.

Social bunting and pretence she never could endure. She believed in herself, recognized her own faults—perhaps rather fond of a few of them—and those of her own people. She lost two sons, one of them the eldest, about to succeed his father, the other 22 years later when he had become president of a vastly greater business.

Seven years after the death of her eldest son at the age of 37 she lost the man with whom she had worked for forty-five years in a career of astounding achievement. She survived the death of her eldest son by 23 years, of her second by 11 years and of her husband by more than a quarter of a century.

Easting Memorial

After the death of Timothy Eaton she contrived a memorial which her posterity might see more spiritually significant than the business which never outrivaled the principles of its founder. The memorial on the hill was a splendid church, from which her second son was buried amid a vast concourse of citizens who loved him. At the age of nearly ninety, when the world of super-merchandise, most accurately epitomized in a great mercantile business, was reaching its height of conquest over more personally, she regaled home in Oakville the scenes of long ago—back to the earliest days of her marriage, quoting passages from her beloved Shakespeare.

But of all the grand speeches of the greatest poet there was none that thrilled Margaret Eaton quite so much perhaps as the brief one of Timothy Eaton when he was about to die. "Children, take care of mother. She's grand."

From the church that she had built as a memorial to her husband, she also will be better in her rest, the most remarkable personality left in a numerous clan. Her death closes finally the first book of the Eaton saga. Her life is worth knowing because of the character she achieved in the work that she did. There will be none else like her.

Men of Timothy Eaton's type have abolished slavery, founded Sunday schools and instituted prison reforms.

The woman who for nearly forty-five years was his one best counsellor knew as much in a less public way about doubts and difficulties as did Mrs. Disraeli.

Had Timothy Eaton not chosen Margaret Beattie he might have been quite as successful. It is doubtful if he would have been both enormously successful and constantly happy. A docile woman would have made him impotent. A merely self-opinionated individual would have made him hostile. Life to him was often a great solo that as often as possible became a mighty chorus. It was also very often a duet, and the woman who sang the second part in that duet through many of Canada's real periods of depression had a sometimes hard part to sing.

True to Herself

That Margaret Eaton became the other self of so dynamic a man without submerging her own ego is one of the best reasons for writing this appreciation. She was not merely Mrs. Timothy Eaton. She was a woman who, had she never married, would have become notable without becoming notorious; in all probability as an actress for she had an intense love of stage. Timothy Eaton had as a cardinal principle a remarkable appreciation of character in other people. Above all people he discerned the character of Margaret Beattie because she was so tremendously true to herself.

What he did has been told in many printed pages, notably in the book "Timothy Eaton," by Col. George Nasmyth. The world at large knew him by his works. His sons were known in Canada, the United States and Europe. His early business associates through the organization which he founded and built up have become almost as familiar to the public as the daily literature of the great store.

For three generations down to John David, who opened the new College St. store—the name Eaton has been associated here with all that makes a privately-owned business publicly interesting. But Eaton's biographical literature has never been more than casually concerned with the lady, who for seventy years was Margaret Eaton.

It may have been partly this instinct of needing an heraldized partner in a life work that first attracted the young Irish merchant in the village of St. Marys, Ont. But Col. Nasmyth's account of the first meeting of these two is charmingly ingenious.

"In 1862 he met a young lady from Woodstock, Miss Margaret Beattie, who was visiting relatives in St. Marys. He made several ineffectual attempts to meet her on the street.

"Something warned me that this young man was likely to prove dangerous," she said in conversation with the biographer, who through Mrs. Nasmyth had known her for years. "And when he approached me I always crossed the road, to avoid meeting him."

"But Timothy hit his time," with the result that he won her affection, and a year later they were married. Thus began the delightful comradeship of nearly forty-five years which grew from the love of this man and woman.

In this account of Biblical brevity, observe that Mrs. Eaton called the village street a "road"; which it properly was; a muddy road with plank crossings. St. Marys was a large, pretty village. The girl from Woodstock was visiting there. She was not born in Woodstock, either, but in Toronto—somewhere on Adelaide St., at a time when most of the families lived south of Queen St. St. Marys, in the Thames valley had several church spires, some stone houses, one muddy main street and on Saturdays, long lines of marketing buggies, democrats and wagons, tied to hitching posts at the stores. At a distance, as pretty a village as could be seen in seven counties.

But to the young Irish merchant the finest sight in it was the black-haired, sparkle-eyed, Irish-Canadian girl from Woodstock. She was particular about hats, had a fine, jaunty style of walking, and a wonderfully musical voice, sometimes heard reciting at church concerts and Christmas trees. The soubionist in the '60's was the hearse, to an actress that any of the small towns knew. The only theatre was the church. Had Margaret Beattie been brought up in Ohio instead of in Woodstock she might have been lured to the stage.

The call to the village, however, was a pit of drama, and Timothy Eaton in his own way was a fine actor. All the exuberant color of a new life rolled through that little town: loads of hay, cordwood, pork, sawlogs on the way to the mill. Whiskers, coonskin caps, high collars, long skirts, silks on Sundays.

Memories

People were much more vivid then than they are now, especially in the store. The butter-and-eggs folks traded on due bills—for money was scarce, when preachers sometimes got part of their salaries in cordwood and smoked hams. A lady in a silk dress was the height of fashion. Crinolines were just going out in favor of bustles. The bedice was a marvelous thing. Bangs had not yet become popular. In her early married days Margaret Eaton wore her hair flat on top, parted in the middle with a wealth of curl.

An artist at clotheck, she was scrupulously observed by the farmers' wives, who were unconscious that the wife of the young Irish storekeeper was as narrowly studying them. Of all places the store was the most dramatic, and Margaret Eaton had a wonderful gift of mimicry.

It was a habit of customers in those days to believe that the merchant was charging well to do folk more than poor folk for the same goods. The wives of well-to-do townsmen dickered to hold down the prices. At one time a woman who worked in a little Eaton store found the proprietor quoting one price to all, never boasting it down and always requiring cash payment; were sometimes amiable drunks.

But Mrs. Eaton's knowledge of townsfolk and farmers was more intimate than that of a salsify. On Sundays she had been seen at church looking very trim indeed. Her bonnet was trimmed; a jaunty Irish picture that could fit the envy of many a young woman.

"Where does she get such trimmings?" asked one dame, whispering one to another coming out of church.

"She trims her own bonnets. I was told it by a girl that worked for us."

"Landakes! That's an idea now!"

Cosplayans.

"Maggie," said the merchant one spring evening after supper, "there were two women in the store to-day that wanted to buy bonnets from us, but they don't like the trimmings." "And what did they say, Timothy?" "They said they wanted to know if we knew how to make them. I told them I knew well what they had said and that he suspected that she knew."

"They'll buy our bonnets if you'll trim them, Maggie."

She dropped her sewing in pretended amazement.

"And why should I be trimming their bonnets? Surely I've plenty to do."

"Plenty enough, Maggie. But if you could we can too. And we'll get a good profit out of it. I have a suggestion for smart headgear: let her think any in Middlesex or Oxford outside of London."

Maggie went in the store and trimmed the bonnets. She had but a doorway—perhaps a staircase to go for the family and the goods were under one roof. And while the baby played at her skirt, she put the fine Irish lace on bonnets that on Sunday may have been flung on the road to farmers' bazaars to change hands.

Three of the children were born to St. Mary's: two girls—now Mrs. Burnside and Mrs. Burden—and Edward the eldest son. They were still under seven when the problem of the

future confronted the young couple. In ample trousers, tall coat and black belt, the tattered young merchant decided that he had better either they might go to live in their home or have a Sunday whinge frown over a plain colored silk dress, the young mother in the cold-shouldered parlor discussed with him before church what should be their first news away from St. Mary's.

Timothy looked squarely at her with pouting black eyes she gazed back at him.

"We've been seven years here, Timothy," she said, "and we've done very well—thanks to you."

"And to you, Maggie."

"It's a pretty place, Timothy." "I'm not growing much. Times are hard. Money's tight. We can do better in a bigger place."

Sorry to leave.

They talked of London a few miles away.

"What about Toronto?" he said.

"I'd like that. My birthplace. But it's easier a hard place for a young man to be now great stores down there."

All the while she was talking in the hope that he would choose Toronto—but the urge to go to the big town was strong. His mother had done so.

"But I'm sorry to have been," she said, remembering what a new joy the little town had at the birth of each baby. "We know so many nice people."

It was Mrs. Eaton's advice that determined the new home of the family in Toronto. That was in 1869. Their earthly goods were few and simple. They rode in a day coach, and they never had a car in one, and if they had, it would have been a small one in a day coach. It took nearly a day to reach Toronto.

It was a grand coming back to the young mother who for half her life had not seen the city of her birth. It seemed to her much as London might have looked to a girl in an English schoolroom, a dreamland that can still be seen south of Queen St. was already there in 1869. A ten-story building was high. Low. Toronto was a mass of solid walls and windows, and the streets that it was to widen out. North of Queen Street long stretches of Yonge St., which was a highway for market wagons. There were no street cars. Nobody who worked for wages had a job. From the chief business center, that of the drapers, who—nobody—who paid wages dreamt of going in anything by a carriage, and women as yet had very little to do downtown except to shop.

A very British little city. Walls, shops, houses, carriages, customs were mainly English. The good of the business was Scotch. All the wholesale drapers were Scotchmen. They were a haughty lot. Most of the Irish were poor and lived north of the southwest corner of Yonge and Queen, where the two Eatsons decided to have their new store.

The First Store

It was generally speaking, no place for north of Ireland folk to become famous. Margaret Beattie's own folk were already scattered in a city that was growing fast. In a dozen new buildings came up in a year a block distance from the centre.

The first store was on the south-west corner of Yonge and Queen. The building was bought, Mrs. Eaton having good reason to trust that transaction, though her old home was to be far from the store. Away up Yonge St. on Gloucester was the first home of the Eaton family; very far north for those days, and the Eatsons had no carriage. Still, it was a nice street with some good brick houses and to a man so imaginative as Mrs. Eaton the journey through the street for nearly a mile to the store seemed romantic. Toronto was a city and cities in Ontario then were very few.

The Eatsons made no attempt at social distinction. Toronto had many old families. Mrs. Eaton understood that to begin a new retail business was no way of gaining entries to the best society. She had to be days more mate exclusive than it is now. She was content to be the wife of the audacious and revolutionizing merchant, no matter how his radical methods might make him unpopular with the wholesale barons or how little he knew. The Eaton must have had to do with 1000 men, executives, Toronto families in Toronto, many of whom still lived rather grandly in dwelling houses.

There were some rather grandish homes also along George Street at Yonge. There was Baldwin House, Trinity Church, now under the shadow of the Eaton Factory, Church of the Ascension on Bloor Street, St. George's on John St. and St. James were all churches of the Anglican elite.

Largest Church Then

The Metropolitan church, built the year before the Eaton came to Toronto and at that time the largest Methodist church in the world, had begun to attract many of the wealthier Methodists. Ernestine, Knox, Mr. Andrew, St. James Square, and St. Paul's, and later on Jarvis, Jarvis St. Baptist church — these

were the churches of the fashionable Prelbyterians.

West of Spadina and north of College there was as yet no church of any social distinction, and in those days the social prestige of almost any family was known by the church to which it belonged. Lines of carriage and bushed coaches on Sunday drives marked the spiritual houses of Toronto society quite as rigidly as to old London.

The Eatsons made no pretense of being poor, for any of these. They lived too far north to belong to the smart set.

Bloor St. had not begun to be the southern boundary of the fashionable residential areas. There was no Rosedale. The first outside trek of wealthier folk was only beginning toward the west.

Gloucester, to be sure, ran across Jarvis; but at No. 12 the first Eaton family might have gone to the Metropolitan or to the older Sherbourne St. church, but Mrs. Eaton with her three children had no desire to worship with the banitons. They went to the Elm St. Methodist church, which was the most active Methodist church except the two farther east. And they walked. At No. 12 Gloucester there were no stables.

At No. 12 the family moved away from this home and went south to a corner of George and Queen, which then was perhaps rather nearer the fashionable quarter.

More Democratic

At the George St. home they had a garden, but as yet no stables. Here they were even more democratic than they had been at 12 Gloucester, when they often had gatherings of clerks and their wives, and the peculiar democracy of the Eaton almost came from Timothy Eaton, who had himself begun at the bottom and without much education worked his way up. The college was a tremendous social institution in the '70's. Mrs. Eaton and Mr. Eaton had a desire for college education for their boys. But she was sometimes more socially democratic than her husband.

An Eaton cleric had one great distinction—efficiency. To be a good Eaton cleric had given great manners, but one he was not possessed of and being a cleric he was necessarily not very high in his ability to buy what made a beautiful home or very fine clothes.

Eaton's It is on record that clerks of the Eaton store were often separated, introduced to members of the family, eating at the family table. When they in family did not venture to attend the home, Methodist in the world which was almost next door to them. They trodged up past the carriages, some of which, but not many, drove to the Elm St. church.

Visions Not Reported

For the first Eaton store at the corner of Queen and Yonge only a few blocks from the second Eaton home in Toronto, had no carriage lines. The Eaton business was not founded for the fashionable trade. When the family moved back again to Gloucester St. just north of the brownses Jarvis St. Baptist church — these

were the churches of the fashionable Presbyterians.

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It was after the boom that the Eaton family began to attract attention. The eldest boy, Edward, was now almost 30 and had gone into the business, where he soon became successful to his father. The second son, John, had graduated from Model School. It was Tim's decision that both boys should become members of the firm, which was now a joint stock company.

Mrs. Eaton on Board

Mrs. Eaton herself was chosen to take a place on the board of the newly formed company. She took it. The name of the great business never made her feel that she herself was a superior person. She was a wide reader, and had many interests. She cared little for "precious authors," but had a grand interest in Shakespeare, in many of whose plays she yearned to take an active part, and whose choicest passages and famous characters remained very real to her right down to the last years of her life.

Not Without Troubles

To be the wife of the greatest success-story in Canada had its own difficulties. Eaton bludgeoned his radical benevolent ideas into a very conventional business regime of Scotch drapers and banton shippers. He catered to the wages crowd. So doing, he lost his grip on the people who used to meet him at the church meetings with HI Blame and in church meant the shrewd study of a man. Mrs. Eaton was never wholly absorbed into the business personality. At home she had her own sphere, always full of educational dreams, and of a very large world with which business had then far less to do than it has now; a world of art and of democracy.

People interested her profoundly. In temperament she was more French than her husband. She was a daughter in person as well as in her origin. Otherwise, she never would have been in Col. Nasmyth's benefit following anecdote:

"A youth was sent up from the store to hang blinds and curtains in the new Eaton home on Lower Avenue, No. 12. He was a boy of sixteen, with a home when he met Mrs. Eaton."

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To get my hands," he said.

"You just stay here and have dinner with us," she said.

"And so I stayed for when Mrs. Eaton wanted something she usually got it. The boy was placed next to Mr. Eaton in the place of honor. He was given new-laid eggs in a season

when new-laid eggs were scarce, the same as Mrs. Eaton. He was given a room in the house on which he worked at the job. And today that boy, though now in a high position and a wealthy man, looks back on the experience as one of the great compliments of his life."

Was a Large House

As the youth took a week to do the blinds and curtains, it must have been a large house. He knew Mrs. Eaton well enough to speak freely himself and to other people. He had never dreamed that at home even his wife could be a law unto him, especially social matters.

More social forms were of little importance to Mrs. Eaton. She was more or less a woman of the most important women in Canada. Dignitaries—notably great preachers—who visited the home were always struck with a freedom of personal expression in her that they seldom found in the homes of the more austere people. This woman was capable of thinking out of acting quite regardless of social usage. In a Victorian age, however, more austere than in older Toronto—she was modern. She loved life, and did not care whether she could swing into a room on the rustic of long-silken sheets with as much豪气 as any of the grand-dames of the period. In the aisle of any church she could be seen among a hundred. Her face had a singular attraction. She was not often reserved. Life to her was a larger thing than society, or custom, or mere manners. It was a constant opportunity to surprise other people.

Some of a Personality

And it was the sometimes highly unconventional personality of Mrs. Eaton that most fascinated the man who had seen her crossing the streets in St. Marys to avoid him. With politicians, or of great drapers, or of manufacturers, or of professors, or of preachers, might he often invited to Government House. To the mind of Timothy Eaton, Government House was mainly in the home, where this woman had the courage to express her own personality in contrast to his own. Whenever he came home he may not have been sure of finding his slippers by the fireside. He was more likely to find him in the study, more intent of restful activity among the women in the church. Had a vitality that made her always interesting; a woman who took peculiar joy in her own children, and was enormously interested in the affairs of all the people whom she worked among, the place, as she was in most of the growing social activities of the business.

The mere accumulation of culture never became an obsession, but her hobby was her interest in merely polite society. Dancing and cards were not allowed in the Eaton home. To these Mrs. Eaton was as much opposed as he was to smoking in the store. Bridge was not yet invented. All modern domestic conveniences owing to the Eaton home rather sooner to the Eaton home than to any in Toronto. What was good for other folk to buy was for the Eatons to have. The phonograph was one of them, a device rather scorned by many ladies of the period. In matters of art she was always deeply interested, but as yet without the knowledge of the latest pictures enjoyed by some of the social leaders. Pictures in the home were still an experiment to many people, and in the '90's religion still had a great deal to do with the picture in the home. That is why the remarkable collection of Titian, Bible pictures was shown in the Eaton store.

A temperamental family had now grown up in the home. More even than to her husband, these young people became a personal problem to Mrs. Eaton. To him the relatively simple problem was to have the girls properly married and the boys taken into the service. To her it was necessary to have the church. To her it was much more complex—especially as to the

boys; how complex she knew better than he did, because so much of her own temperament had been inherited. There were wealthy Methodists of those days who, in defiance of the principles of their church, had dancing rooms and dissolved tables in their homes on the theory that it was better to have these diversions at home than elsewhere.

There were no such diversions at the Eaton home, and the head of the house seldom went out to amusements. To him a good home was the greatest relaxation in life. Even in the church he was a manager. In business he was constantly in a world of his own development. At home he was a father, and it was he who preferred to stay at much as possible. He seldom went out to music. In his whole life he had never been inside a theatre.

Had radio been in vogue in his day the house problem solution would have been complete. Timothy Eaton died in his bed, but it is to him which he fell was interesting enough for most particular people. He had an unusually interesting wife and family. The place was always alive. There was a spontaneity—solidness, in him of health and wealth. And Mrs. Eaton was the soul of it. She told stories, jokes, mimicry, music. Nobody ever came away from the Eaton home to say they had a dull time. Of all highly religious houses it was the least sanctimonious. And it was Mrs. Eaton's way to give each member of the family the freest possible expression.

Some Defects

But there were social defects in this of which Mrs. Eaton was highly conscious. The young folk went to the theatre, and talked about the plays. Mr. and Mrs. Eaton never went to the theatre for him, but he was opposed to the theatre for himself, and he was the folly of permitting it in his family.

But Mrs. Eaton had a natural love of theatres. There had never been a time when she could not amuse the family by her invitations of other people—a gift which was highly developed by her second son.

In play at the theatre she fell back upon the nearest thing she could get—dramatic literature. Her earliest interest in such things was in the art of mimicry, of which Jessie Alexander was then the leading exponent at church concerts in her remarkable impersonations of children. It was always grand fun to see a mother "take off." It became much more interesting as she developed this in a broader way to her interpret works of drama. Timothy Eaton had no tremendous regard for poetry in itself, though he did like to begin a ballad of it in his store. He had never taken a vital interest in problems of collegiate education for the good reason that as the business grew he found in that more and more of the principles of culture by sound experience. None of his boys had been sent to the university, and he had no theories that for them an undergraduate course was necessarily as discipline and culture in the great store, in travel abroad, and in home life.

In fact, Mrs. Eaton had become to him very much of a college herself. Her interest in books, especially in poetry, was to him a phenomenon. He was as pleased when she began to teach him in education as he was when she had trimmed hones on the Thames.

Romance Enters

There was, however, a rather romantic reason for this particular Eaton interest in dramatics, and it went back to St. Marys. From St. Marys came the most eminent serious educational born in Canada, Agnes Keown, who for years taught at St. Marys much of the moral instruction at church services. Mrs. Eaton had the voice and the grand manner of interpretation, the ability to take a passage of Shakespeare and make it fly. And in Shakespeare she worked.

Her earliest lessons in the art of elocution came from Jessie Alexander, who some time ago wrote her own personal impressions of Mrs. Eaton for the company's records. Her first impressions of Mrs. Eaton came from Emma Scott Raff, who has also written her own memoir of a private nature concerning her most remarkable pupil.

As the business became world-famous, and the fame of Mrs. Eaton in Canada became almost as well known as that of any of the epochal statesmen, Mrs. Eaton found more and more leisure in a great city to devote herself to the study of poetry. Her daughters were married. Her eldest had provided a tragedy which caused her to fall back still more upon Shakespeare and the classics.

In 1909 Edward T. Eaton, her first-born son in St. Marys and now an organizing head in the business, suddenly fell ill in his sleep. His father in his grip of the business. The second son, John Craig, was also ill, like his mother. And on him now fell responsibility in a vast business which within a few years was to suffer the death of its notable founder.

Founded Eaton School
Shortly after her bereavement Mrs. Eaton became the founder of a school of drama. She was the only woman in Canada not professionally concerned in matters of stage to take a personal interest in the affairs of a theatre. Reared in Methodism and founding a theatre was her example. She made available to Mrs. Nasmyth Eaton all his life opposed to the stage, that it was his privilege not only to pay \$50,000 cash down for such an institution, but to have his wife's name advertised as its founder. —The Margaret Eaton School of Drama must not be set down as real diplomacy.

The direct inspiration of the school was Emma Scott Raff — now Mrs.

George Nasmyth—her first teacher in the art of Shakespeare and Greek tragedy. In Athens, Georgia, he was succeeded by Mrs. Nasmyth Eaton, who has the desire to have such a building for drama in Toronto; a school and a theatre, each to complement the other.

Mrs. Eaton was the opportunity and the cause. Without her interest the project would not have been undertaken. Nothing so idealistic had ever been attempted in Canada; a phase of a new uncommercial world is sponsored, personalized and financed by Canada's greatest commercial institution. Margaret Eaton became herself the most popular and the most beloved one of the most enthusiastic actors in the theatre. If it was not expedient for her to go to the theatre, the theatre could be built around her. And once again in the eyes of Timothy Eaton, the woman he had loved best, but never allowed her to interfere much with his own "Maggie" had triumphed.

A simple, beautiful temple of

classic design quietly rose on North St., not far from Elbow, at that time one of the woodland retreats.

Not even the Eaton's immense

extension of Bay St. as a second thoroughfare

would cause the demolition of this temple of idealism in 1932.

Her Greatest Joy

In this theatre Margaret Eaton found the one greatest joy of her life outside her own home. The school became to her a sort of church. There she was able to bring to a focus something which all her life had been a dream. She took part in many of the productions under the principalship of Mrs. Nasmith and an active interest in all the school's activities, even to the designing of costumes. She found a fresh interest in Shakespeare from helping to act his plays; also in Greek drama, something which more deeply than Shakespeare helped to explain the riddle of existence.

And life to this strong-natured woman had begun to be a different sort of drama from what she had pictured it as becoming when she was a young mother in St. Mary's.

Timothy Eaton died before his time. He had lived too much in business and church without the relaxation of society and amusement. In less than forty years in one city he had achieved mercantile greatness. But he had brought upon himself old age when he should still have been in his prime.

Mrs. Eaton had kept the springs of life. The loss of her elder son and seven years later of her husband were tremendous shocks, but she had a phenomenal vitality, expressed by an unusual interest in living. Looking back from 1937 upon one of the most prodigious careers in America she could see how Timothy Eaton had prospered because of evangelical business beliefs; how as the city grew his business had grown as part of it; how far outside of Canada the name of T. Eaton had become famous for a certain type of success. She knew how much he believed he was owed to her and how sincere he was when shortly before his death he said to the family, "Take care of mother. She's grand."

Pre-War Days

But it was a lonesome grandeur. Without him life was suddenly a strange persistence, wider but for her family in spite of great wealth and the gigantic cycle of industries labelled T. Eaton would have been intolerable. A strong character had gone out of her life. But a strong character was left. Though he had been the oak, she had never been the clinging vine. It was his will that she should live on for the sake of the family and of the business.

And in those days shortly before the war life was still much simpler and in many respects more buoyant than it is now. Mrs. Eaton had kept her Lowther Ave. home. She also had a summer home at Oakville and the old family summer home in Muskoka. The city home was as much reminiscent of him as the business still is to other members of the firm: how he wanted things; how he looked in that chair by the fire; the bluntly interesting things he would say; his shrewd and vivid opinions of people; his restless, onward philosophy of life and of success; the strange transitions in his life as he felt it broadening out far beyond his earlier beliefs.

All these remained to Mrs. Eaton a quarter of a century of intensely realistic memory. Grandchildren whom he had loved became more and more to the older woman strange pictures in different guises of her own children growing up in much simpler environment.

What could she do to create something that should perpetuate her own belief in this remarkable man? Her own answer was—the church. On the hill which when first she came back to Toronto was a landscape of rms, arose the Memorial church the name of Methodism, to which thy Eaton had contributed so a gift of success in a city of ful Methodism.

About Sir John

The war, with its realisms, brought to the Eaton family something that neither of its founders had ever dreamed of—a title. The second son, president of the great business, inheriting her temperament, as well as much of his father's business ability, had now become to thousands in the business the incarnation of Timothy Eaton's spirit. Not so many of the Eaton workers realized perhaps how much of the tremendous humanism of Sir John Eaton had come from his mother. And in all the outward honors that came to him she valued more the elements of character that made him beloved by the store people.

In 1922 that son also died. Mrs. Eaton was then in her 80th year. The funeral at the Memorial church—to his father—was the greatest concourse of people ever assembled on the streets of Toronto, except downtown at the visit of some prince or celebrity. Her second son was gone. The church remained. The memory. The changing city. The new order of things. A fascinating, strange materialism, born of the war and its inventions. Radio, talking shadows, aeroplanes, television—all these had produced a stupendous show world such as the past had never known.

In the new store the woman of 80 saw the triumph of modernism. She was not present at the official opening, but it was young John David Eaton, her grandson, whom—as herself honorary president of the company—she selected to turn the golden key.

A moving picture of the Eaton business will some day be made and shown in the theatre of the store. When it is done one of its thrills will be this white-haired woman, as erect as she was in her prime, standing amid Grecian pillars and a world of modern furniture—followed by a flash-back of a young, black-haired mother, trimming bonnets in the dingy little Eaton store at St. Mary's.

Lived In the Past

It was in the Oakville home that she saw the last of life. There, day by day, she lived more and more in the glow of the past. Old age has its compensations as well as penalties. Poetically in the last years of her life, Margaret Eaton brought to memory there, when her friends visited her, scenes and passages from Shakespeare which she could still recite from memory. More glowing than ever, these came to her as realities, not the grand, great store of 1939, nor the city of towering walls—but the old Toronto of two years after Confederation; back of that still more vividly the church-spired village on the Thames, with its loads of sawlogs in the snow, its Sunday bonnets in the springtime, its playing of children in the home.

EATON FAMILY GIVES \$50,000 TRUST FUND

To be Held by Church
Trustees for Benefit
of Needy.

PASTOR ANNOUNCES

Trustees to Erect Me-
morial to Late Mrs.

Timothy Eaton.

Mail
A \$50,000 fund, to be held in perpetuity by the trustees of Timothy Eaton Memorial Church has been established by Mrs. Josephine S. Burnside, Mrs. Margaret Burden and Colonel William F. Eaton, the surviving members of the family of the late Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Eaton, it was announced yesterday by Rev. Dr. Trevor H. Davies, pastor of the church.

Dr. Davies announced that the fund was established to provide a source of income to be used, primarily, for needy members of the church. The congregation yesterday heard for the first time that the trustees of the church would, at their own expense, erect a memorial to the memory of the late Mrs. Timothy Eaton.

Yesterday's service celebrated the 19th anniversary of the dedication of the church. "I have an announcement to make which will add greatly to the joy of our Christmas service," Dr. Davies stated. "We are to-day celebrating the 19th anniversary of the dedication of our church. The church, as you know, was the gift of Sir John Eaton in memory of his father."

"It was the custom of Sir John to refer to it in association with the name of his mother. She was, at the inception of the scheme and since the dedication of the church, among its most generous and loyal supporters," Dr. Davies said.

"Since the passing of Mrs. Timothy Eaton, we have intended that some memorial to her should be placed in

the church. The trustees have now definitely resolved that such a memorial should be erected at their expense at the earliest possible moment.

"A beautiful thought came to the surviving members of the family of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Eaton, and Colonel William F. Eaton of Oakville. We know how deeply interested Mrs. Eaton was in philanthropic work. The members of the family have created a trust fund amounting to \$50,000 to be held in perpetuity by the trustees of Timothy Eaton Memorial Church. The income from this is to be used for the relief of necessitous cases. Those helped will be, in the first instance, members of the congregation and afterwards the money will be used according to the discretion of the trustees.

"It must however, be clearly understood," Dr. Davies asserted, "that this fund is not for the upkeep of the church but for the help of the poor. Can you conceive of any gift more congenial to the spirit of Christmas than this, or any gift which could more happily consummate the anniversary day of our church?"

DEATH OF MRS. TIMOTHY EATON MOVES A BENEFACTOR.

The death of Mrs. Timothy Eaton at an advanced age removes a well known and beloved figure from the community. Widow of the late Timothy Eaton, founder of the great business which is known by his name, and mother of the late Sir John Eaton who succeeded to the management of the business, Mrs. Eaton was, through the influence exerted on both, a vital factor in the building up of the organization. She provided for her husband the home atmosphere in which he renewed his strength for the battle of life. It is recorded that if times were bad she was a constant mainstay and source of strength to him. It has been said that "her firm abiding trust in him was sublime, inspiring him with the determination to renew the efforts which resulted in ultimate success." This tender regard was warmly reciprocated by Mr. Eaton, the bond of attachment between the two becoming more firmly welded as the years passed."

Her marriage to Mr. Eaton took place on May 25, 1862. Margaret Wilson Beattie by name, she was the daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Beattie, her mother's surname being Tilt. Those who were privileged to know Mrs. Eaton through much of her life speak of the beauty of her character, of her sunny, amiable, gentle disposition and of the bright, cheerful, tasteful domestic establishment over which she presided with so much benefit to her husband and family. The high place in which she was held by her people is indicated by the fact that she was Honorary President of the T. Eaton Company, Limited. It remains to be said that she was a generous patron of literature and the dramatic and pictorial arts, that she founded the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, and that she took a leading part in the erection of the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church in memory of her husband.



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